

THE LITERARY CASKET:

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

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REFLECTOR.

SUNDAY.—The daily occurrences of a week of business absorb the mind so much that were it not for the regular return of the Sabbath, the majority of human beings would nearly forget that any thing else was necessary in this world, but money when it is needed, provisions when hungry, clothing to cover us, or luxuries to feed our pampered appetites. But Christianity has consulted the wants of man, and the weakness of his nature, by the institution of one day in the seven. How happy the virtuous mind must feel to escape from the trammels of a bad world to one day of sober reflection, of pious indulgence, or of religious consolation! The mariner who, after a week of storms and gloom, happens to spend one day on the sunny shore of some verdant island that rises out of the main, cannot feel more grateful for his good fortune, than he who, having weathered the misgivings of the week, sits down in his own pew in his own church, and joins in the service and praise of his great MAKER.

EARLY REFLECTION—If the habits of serious reflection are not acquired in youth, it is almost impossible to attain them in middle life. No one need fear that seriousness can lead man to unhappiness, or that it will cloud the sunshine of decent cheerfulness. True wit is somewhat allied to melancholy, as the brightest rays of the sun are shot down to this nether world from between the gloom of thunder clouds. If a single hour in the four and twenty may sometimes be devoted to serious reflections, it would pay the individual with greater interest than all the stock jobbing concerns in Wall-street, or on the London Exchange. Early reflection is a very important thing. On it may depend all our subsequent happiness through the vale of this world. The season of youth is the May-time of human character, and if we do not then plant the seeds of future usefulness, can we expect to reap the reward of public esteem and private affection?

FEMALE PIETY—Why is it that woman is more pious in her behaviour and actions than that sex who arrogate to themselves the title of lord and masters? Of the fact that she is so, there are ample proofs. In the churches of every city, we can find the greater proportion of the devout worshippers to consist of the female sex. The enterprise of woman has erected houses of devotion, when the hand of man was palsied towards the deed. Her persuasive voice, and her interested demeanour have prevailed upon worldly-minded husbands to contribute their mite towards the erection of houses consecrated to the purposes of salvation. The truth of it is, that true religion consists more of love and affection, than of proud demonstration or haughty argument. The constitution of the female heart is turned towards the gentlest affection, and when the object is presented to her she principally consults that faithful monitor to good, generous and pious deeds—a woman's breast.

THE ESSAYIST.

[Original.]

HABIT.

Optimum vite genus eligito, nam consuetudo faciet jucundissimum.—PYTHAGORAS.

Man is a creature of habit. By being long accustomed to a particular course of life, habits are formed which are seldom entirely eradicated. In youth they are acquired with more facility, in age eradicated with more difficulty. Both the body and mind are equally influenced by custom. The habit of smoking or chewing tobacco, a weed which every other animal shuns, and which often sickens man when he commences the use of it, becomes in a short time so inwrought with our nature, that tobacco seems as necessary to our comfort or even existence, as our daily food.

Habits of intemperance are not formed in a moment; but months and even years are necessary to form and establish them. A gradual, and in most cases an imperceptible progress is made in this degrading vice. When a person once becomes addicted to it he usually descends from one degree to another, till the miserable man is overwhelmed and ruined by his vices. It were almost as easy for the Ethiopian to change his skin, or the leopard his spots, as for the habitual drunkard to loose himself from his dissolute habits and become a temperate and sober man. The analogy between the mind and body is very strong. It is equally true with the mind as with the body, long exercise so increase it, that what at first appears disagreeable, becomes eventually highly agreeable and pleasing. The mind is so constituted that after having habituated itself to any particular exercise, though at first attended with dislike and even disgust, it not only loses this aversion, but conceives a pleasure in its performance. The love of retirement, study, or business, will increase upon us so insensibly, that we soon become almost incapable of relishing that from which we have for a short time been separated. The mathematical studies, though dry and tedious at first, may become so pleasant and agreeable, that the mathematician derives his highest enjoyment in solving a problem, or in demonstrating a theorem. If the preceding remarks are correct and they certainly appear to be founded on experience and observation; it must be true to a certain extent, that a moral or an immoral course of conduct, a religious or an irreligious life may become agreeable or disagreeable, as we are addicted to the one or the other. The extract from Pythagoras, which stands at the head of this piece, is founded in wisdom, and is equally applicable to us as to the eminent disciples of that eminent moralist and philosopher. "Choose that course of life which is the most excellent, and custom will render it the most delightful." Though a commencement of a rigid course of integrity and virtue may be attended with considerable exertion, and some self denial, it will eventually become not only the most honorable, but far the most agreeable.

The man then who yields himself to immoral or vicious conduct, or in any way neglects the practice of virtue, is not only violating his duty, but acting in direct opposition to his interest. He destroys his own happiness; he renders himself not only miserable but despicable.

The formation of good habits and of correct principles in the early period of life is of the utmost importance; for on this depends much of our success and happiness in future life.

"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

The youth who is irregular in his habits and dissolute in his morals, has but a faint prospect of becoming a happy or a useful member of society. While on the contrary, he who imbibes correct principles and forms regular habits in early life, has a fair prospect of becoming useful, respectable and happy. A. K.

GOOD NATURE.

The first, the most important quality of a woman is good nature. Made to obey so imperfect a being as man, often so full of vices, and always so full of defects, she ought to learn betimes to suffer injustice: it is not for his, but for her own sake, that she ought to be good natured.—The ill nature and obstinacy of the wives never do any thing but augment their evils and the bad proceedings of the husbands; they well know that it is not with those arms they ought to conquer. Heaven did not make them insinuating and persuasive, to become peevish; it did not give them a voice so sweet to utter invectives; it did not make their features so delicate, to disfigure them by anger.—When they fly into a passion they forget themselves; they have often reason to complain, but they are always in the wrong to scold. Each ought to observe the decorum of the sex. A virtuous woman was entreated by one of her friends to inform her of some secrets she was possessed of, to preserve the good graces of her husband. "It is," said she, by doing every thing that pleases him, and by suffering patiently from every thing that does not please me."

Reason, like the moon is a consolation in darkness, can guide us with its faint rays, through the dusky night. The morning dawn of bustle shows the real world, when the light of the sun breaks through our twilight.

How vain are such who are desirous of life, yet would avoid old age, as if it were a reproach to look old! Tell a woman of her age, and perhaps you make her as deeply blush as if you accused her of incontinency.

SPANISH PROVERBS.

Every body must live by his own labor.
Neither look into a man's manuscript, nor put your hand into his purse.
He that has four and spends five has no need of a purse.
Spend to spare and spare, to spend.
Cupid quotes at Plutus.
The day that I did not sweep the house, strangers came.

A garden without water, a house without tiles—a wife without love, and a husband without prudence, are four things equally despicable.

A secret between two is God's secret, and a secret between three is every body's secret.

On the day of your marriage you kill or cure yourself.

SCIENTIFIC.

THE SPONGE.—The vital functions of the *Sponge* have been recently made the subject of some very attentive researches, by Dr. Grant, of Edinburgh, which were communicated to the Wernerian Society at a late sitting. Dr. Grant placed two portions of sponge (*spongia pumicea*) taken from the rocks in the Frith of Forth, in a glass of sea-water, with their orifices opposite to each other, at the distance of two inches, when they soon covered each other with feculent matter. He then placed one of them in a shallow vessel, and just covered its surface with water; on strewing some powdered chalk on the surface of the water, currents were perceptible at a great distance, and bits of cork or paper were driven to the distance of ten feet. A piece of coal was repeatedly placed on the orifice, (which may be called the rectum of the sponge,) and as invariably displaced by the current of water ejected. A globule of mercury dropped on the aperture, however, stopped the progress until another orifice was made, in the vicinity, by means of a needle, when the current was renewed, and continued even when the original orifice was again opened. By adopting this plan, Dr. G. clearly ascertained that the current of water never enters by the apertures through which it issues, and although he employed the microscope in his experiments yet the process is distinctly perceptible to the naked eye. It thus appears that the round apertures on the surface of a sponge, are destined for the conveyance of a constant stream of water from the interior of the body; the stream carrying off the excrementitious matter, which may be perceived in whitish flakes, depositing themselves on the bottom of a confined vessel. By the aid of the microscope, certain small round bodies, of an opaque yellow colour, were also observed to be ejected, which Dr. G. considers as the *ora* of this interesting class of marine animals, formerly considered as belonging to the vegetable kingdom.

TO MAKE RED INK.—Take three pints of stale beer and four ounces of ground Brazil wood; simmer them together for an hour, then put in four ounces of rock alum, and these three are to simmer together for half an hour, and then strain it through a flannel or rag; then bottle it up and stop it down till used.

To prevent ink from moulding, it is only necessary to put a little salt therein; it will do for either black or red.

To make fire from water.—Pour a little clean water into a small glass tumbler, and put one or two pieces of phosphoretted lime into it; in a short time flashes of fire will dart from the surface of the water, and terminate in ringlets of smoke, which will ascend in regular succession.

HISTORY.

STATE OF SOCIETY IN THE HAURAN.

All the towns of the Hauran are considered as subject to the government of Damascus, but it is a mere nominal subjection; for when the military make their annual tour for the collection of the mirl, or land revenue, it is as generally evaded as it is paid, the parties from whom it is due retiring for a short period with their families and flocks into the eastern hills, and leaving the bare land and empty dwellings only for the tax gatherers, which, however, being both immovable, the farmers find exactly in the same state on their return.—The people are in general tall, stout, and muscular men, with full dark beards; resembling in stature and person, the finest race of the Filahs of Lower Egypt, particularly those of Sharkieh on the eastern branch of the Nile, who are superior to those on the west. They are, however, cleaner than the Egyptians, and generally better dressed, their ordinary apparel being a long white shirt and trowsers, with a broad leather girdle, a real cloth cap forming the centre of their turban, and this completed by a white muslin cloth rolled round the brow, encircling the head.—All the men, of whatever class or condition, wear arms, consisting generally of a musket and a dirk, or a pistol and a sword, it being thought unsafe to travel, even an hour's distance, without being thus prepared for self-defence. During our stay at Suwarrow, there were continual arrivals of persons from all quarters, most of

whom halted here without intending to proceed any farther until the road was clear; and by a small party of the townsmen themselves who came from the eastward, we learned that the horsemen now intercepting the road in that quarter were preparing for movement, and intended making a tour northward, in the course of the night. Many of the incidents of our present situation reminded me forcibly of being at sea in an unprotected merchant ship in the time of war, when every distant sail is magnified into an enemy, and all eyes on the stretch for discovery. Look-outs were stationed on the terraces of houses, and on the heaps of rubbish formed in different parts of the town; and messengers were repeatedly sent by them to the Sheikh's house, to report what they saw: one man, for instance, arrived to say that three horsemen were in sight to the southward, going westerly; another followed soon after, to say that five men on foot were seen in the western quarter apparently bound this way; then came another announcement, stating that two horsemen, strangers, who had passed through Suwarrow, without halting, about an hour before, were seen stopped by the plunderers to the eastward, by whom they were stripped, and were now returning on foot to the town; the whole of this affair being distinctly seen from the terrace of the Sheikh's house, and without a glass, so acute had nature and habit together rendered the vision of these people; the transaction, though on a plain, taking place at a distance of at least three miles. A foot passenger could make his way at little or no expense through the Hauran, as travellers and wayfarers of every description halt at the Sheikh's dwelling, where whatever may be the rank or condition of the stranger, before any questions are asked him as to where he came from or whither he was going, coffee is served to him from a large pot, always on the fire, and a meal of bread, milk, honey, oil, or butter, is set before him, for which no payment is demanded or even expected, by the host, who, in this manner feeds at least twenty persons on an average every day in the year, from his own purse; at least I could not learn that he was remunerated in any manner for this expenditure, though it is considered as a necessary consequence of his situation as chief of the community, that he should maintain the ancient practice of hospitality to strangers.—*Buckingham's Travels.*

FRENCH REVOLUTIONISTS.

The conspiracy which established a military government in France, called forth several men who have played rather a remarkable part in public life. What has been their fate?

Murat, who led the armed force against the national assembly, became a prince, a grand duke, and afterwards a king. But he was dethroned, proscribed, obliged to seek safety in concealment, taken by the soldiers, tried by a military commission, and shot.

Berthier, who assisted in the conspiracy, and who was also engaged in the expedition to St. Domingo; became a prince and grand duke—he was thrown from a window, and died on the pavement.

Lannes, who was engaged in the transactions of St. Cloud, became a duke and marshal of France, and died soon after in battle.

Sixtes, who next to Bonaparte, was the principal leader of the conspiracy, received in ready money the price of his ignoble treason, was expelled from the government, and despised by Napoleon himself—he lived in proscription, and without a friend who would receive or recognize him.

Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, became a councillor of state, but was soon proscribed, found himself despised and without money, became insane, and died in that situation.

Fouche became a duke, and a minister, betrayed both parties, was abandoned and detested by all—wrote his Memoirs, and died proscribed.

Real became a prefect of police, and counsellor of state—he lives proscribed.—*Bourlay de la Muertha*, who afterwards became a counsellor of state has also shared the fate of Real.

Moreau, who assisted to the grand conspiracy, was afterwards accused of another against Bonaparte himself—he was tried and proscribed. He died in the ranks mortally wounded by a cannon ball, fighting against Napoleon.

Cabanis, who was equally the dupe of Bonaparte's artifices, had the weakness to accept a place in the sen-

ate, and died of grief at having been instrumental in the subjection of his country. *Chénier*, deceived like Cabanis, would accept nothing from Bonaparte, remained poor, wrote in support of the cause of liberty, and died without being able to publish his writings; a vexation which shortened his days.

Two persons only remain, whose fate we shall not venture to predict, Lucien Bonaparte and Talleyrand.

RUINS OF POMPEII.

The excavations at Pompeii, which were interrupted by the civil disturbances at Naples, have since been carried on again with great success. Not more than fifty labourers are employed in this work, nevertheless they have been so skillfully directed, that not only several buildings, but entire streets, have been rescued from the obscurity in which they have for many ages been sunk. One of the most remarkable of the new discoveries is a magnificent temple, which according to all appearance, was used as a pantheon. The inclosure is formed of a wall, which is in shape a parallelogram, and the lower part of which is ornamented with fine paintings in fresco, on a greyish ground.—In the middle of the building was a large dodecagon, of which only the twelve pedestals remain; and further on there is a marble aqueduct. Twelve rooms, on the walls of which are pictures on various subjects, in a tolerable state of preservation, with the sides of this figure. In the most remote part of the building an immense staircase leads to three vast, elevated, and vaulted halls; the one on the right, and the one on the left, have each five inches; only two of which have statues, pronounced by antiquaries to be those of Nero and Messalina; the middle hall, surrounded by tables and benches, seems to have been a meeting-room for the priests.

The above notice of the renewed spirit with which excavations had been resumed in Pompeii and Herculaneum, is corroborated by the last Neapolitan Journal, which has been translated into the London papers.—We are informed that the King and Queen in person had visited these subterranean works; and that the discovery of antiquities, the unravelling of manuscripts, and the consequent enrichment of the Museum, were proceeding with new activity.—*Lon. Lit. Gaz.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

A BALL ROOM.—I was once in a ball room—many, many years ago—it was crowded to overflowing, with gallantry and beauty, health sat on every cheek, and every eye sparkled with pleasure. The guests were all young, all gay, all happy, and sorrow and disease seemed to have flown far away.—I leaned against the painted wall, and mused upon the scene before me, till my mind was lost in the dreams of imagination. Then I thought I saw a pale and ghastly figure, wrapped in thin loose drapery, leaning against a distant pillar of the hall, half hid by its reflected shade, and alternately eyeing with piercing scrutiny, the moving groups, and making minutes on a scroll he held in his left hand. A shudder ran through me. I shrunk back, and gathered my breath and raised my finger to point out this mysterious guest, just as my arm was seized by a companion. I started—the delusion vanished—I mingled amid the giddy maze around me, but the recollection of that singular fancy returned and burned upon my heart a hundred times that evening. A year ago these juvenile scenes were again brought to mind. I passed by the old hall. It had now been a church for a quarter of a century, a large and filled burial ground was walled in around it. I dismounted an hour among the graves—almost every step I took brought me before some tomb stone sacred to the memory of one or another, who was with me in youth at the crowded ball room—and some of these stones bore the marks of dim and dusty age. Suddenly the mysterious guest, my fancy had so strangely pictured, came to mind, and a voice seemed to say to me—"That was death: he has been faithful to his record."

ENGLISH SHEPHERDS.—The tract between Windermere and Coniston, and indeed the whole region around the English lakes, comprehending parts of Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland, which here corner upon one another, is strictly a pastoral country, where the shepherd's pipe is still heard, and arcaid simplicity still resides. All the villages are small, consisting of little more than assemblages of shepherds.

The face of the country exhibits few marks of agricultural improvement, of which indeed it is not susceptible to any considerable extent, being uniformly broken and composed of contiguous ranges of mountains. Flocks of sheep cover the sides of these, as far up as verdure has crept, and all beyond is naked rock, or crags slightly shaded with brown heath and gray moss. So bright is sometimes the colour of the former plant, added to the orange complexion of decayed fern, as to appear among the clouds like gleams of sunshine.

Such a region must necessarily have a spare population. The inhabitants are plain, simple, unsophisticated, kind and gentle in their manners. In the course of our ride, we fell in with several shepherds, who were driving their numerous flocks to market. They were intelligent and communicative, entering freely into conversation, and cheerfully imparting information respecting their employment. In every instance they were accompanied by their faithful dogs, a beautiful speckled animal with erect black ears, and so well trained as to relieve the master of all trouble in keeping his sheep in the path. If one of the flock happens to loiter or stray, the watchful dog instantly observes it and attends to his duty.

"THE RULING PASSION STRONG TILL DEATH."

It is related of a celebrated English naval officer, no less distinguished for cool contempt of danger than for excessive love of jesting, that when some person burst into his cabin in the man of war, exclaiming "the magazine was on fire," he replied, "if that be the case, Sir, we shall soon hear a further report."

Among the thousand and apocryphal or veritable legends of the Eastern country, there is one, so frequently repeated to the traveller that he is finally induced to confide in its truth, even from the number of those who testify that its incidents came within their personal knowledge; as it furnishes a remarkable illustration of that line of the poet we have placed at the head of the article, we are tempted to record it here, leaving to the reader the task of deciding how much credibility there may be in the narrative.

The turbulent and boisterous stream of the Androscoggin, rushing out from among the hills of a wild and broken region, tumbles over ledges of rock stretched across the channel. A person who had been forming an intimate acquaintance with the good gentleman and brave knight named Sir Richard Rum, during a long afternoon of carousal, and whose courage had been elevated to any pitch of daring, at the same time that ideas of navigation had been distributed by the deep and frequent potatoes, approached the river by a circuitous course, which unluckily led to a spot far below the established ferry and in dangerous neighborhood to one of the cataracts. After calling as loudly as his husky voice would allow for the boat, and uttering more imprecations than it would be proper to repeat, on the obstinacy of the oarsman, who would not answer a summons he could not hear, the adventurer grew impatient at the sight of the setting sun and cast about him for means to effect his speedy passage. His zig-zag perambulations along the shore, led him to an iron boiler of the capacious size commonly used in the manufacture of potash. Doubtless, encouraged by the example of the renowned mariners of ancient Gotham, who put to sea in a bowl, he tumbled the stout vessel and himself down the water's edge and boldly launching the substitute for a ship, after taking on board, by way of cargo, a jug of the light headed fluid he had provided for his night's refreshment, pushed off upon the tide. The current set strong, and in a few moments the navigator was hurried down the tremendous rapid. By a miraculous interposition, the ponderous water vehicle was dashed against a rock, and himself thrown upon a cliff which projected above the tumbling element. The fumes of the liquor were dissipated by the frightful perils of the voyage and the copious draught of the stream he was compelled to receive in the descent, and he clung to his little island with desperation, as the foaming eddies on either side him furnished no temptation to quit his position. His still small voice, calling for succor, was drowned by the roar of the fall, and was forced to keep his seat during the night, and until the next day was far spent. In a place little settled the prospect of relief would have been slight, had he not been accidentally discovered by a fisher, sitting "like patience on a monument," though by no means "smiling at grief." A sufficient force was gathered for his rescue; as it was impossible to approach his perch

from below, after other expedients had been tried in vain a rope was floated down from above and he was dragged up with as much expedition as muscular arms could give to the draught. On being brought to land, suffocated with harsh process, almost exhausted by hunger and suffering, and gasping like a dying fish, the first words he uttered were "good people, for heaven's sake, give me a chor of tobacco."—*National Eglis.*

What is Spring? Spring is the season of delight, that illumines nature with the sunny rays of fructuous beneficence. Before her brilliant smiles rigid petrification is melted into genial vegetation, and terming fertility, while with her plastic hand she spreads over the bleak earth a splangled carpeting of flowery pasturage. She calls into existence the melody of birds, the buzz of insects, and the bloom of blossoms, and gives a dazzling appearance and a morning freshness to the aspect of creation. See! she comes with her lovely handmaids, Health and Hope, to cheer our imaginations, and to exhilarate our hearts, and to present to our eyes a prospect fair and enchanting as the fairy vistas of romance; as lovely and bright, but perhaps as delusive as the visions of a poet's Paradise! Ah! who can believe the promises of seducing hope, her light is not "light from Heaven," for she only gleams through the mists of expectation, and illuminates the thorny paths of human life, by the fleeting meteors and alluring exhalation of the glittering prerage of the coming clouds of adversity, and the tempest of affliction. The golden star of hope once irradiated my heart, but it sunk in the cimmerian gloom of disappointment, and the roses of my joys are withered, and faded and fallen, but still the fragrance of their remembrance survives their bloom and serves as a memento of past happiness! Spring kindles the fire of genius, and lulls the poetic mind in the brightest dreams of fancy, she touches the bosom with the capture of love, and awakens by her potent influence, the sensibility of that ennobling passion which sublimates affection, and exalts the heart. The welcome Goddess approaches with a majestic deportment, glancing vivid smiles from a complexion of unrivalled brilliancy, and shedding fragrant perfume from her flower wreathed tresses.—Her beautiful attire gives an additional attraction to her charms. What can be more exquisitely graceful than the shining mantle of green, which was made by Flora, from primroses, violets, anemones, and freckled cowslips? See how she loiters in green bowers of myrtle and roses, and enjoys the sylvan songster's melody of love! See how her feathered herald the lark, with open pinions sails on the bosom of the skies, and sings in plaintive lays of music the coming of spring.

The season of pleasure, of music and love,
The mother of elegance, parent of flowers,
The sylvan who weaves the green robes of the grove,
And the florist that dresses with blossoms the bowers.

'Tis the emblem of youth's lovely fair blooming rose,
When it blushing smiles in prosperity's rays;
'Tis the faithful restorer of scenes such as those
Which I knew in my juvenile innocent days!

'Tis the darling of Nature, sprung from the embraces
Of green vested *Verumnus* and white bosomed *Flora*;
'Tis the minion of *Phæbus*, the Queen of the Graces,
The nursing and favorite of blue winged *Aurora*.

'Tis something like Hope's fairy visions that rise,
Before the lone wanderer on life's chequer'd way,
As they spread forth a banquet of bliss to her eyes,
When the clouds of *misfortune* have vanished away.

Oh! spring! like the faint dawn of glory appears
When it breaks forth in sunshine on man's fading
years!

The following curious statistical account is given in the *Cassel Almanack* for the year 1826.

The 100 most populous cities on the globe are Jeddo, in Japan, 1,680,900 inhabitants; Pekin, 1,500,000; London, 1,574,000; Hans-lachen, 1,400,000; Calcutta, 900,000; Madras, 817,000; Nankin, 800,000; Conge-ls-chen, 800,000; Paris, 717,300; Wuts-Chan, 600,000; Constantinople, 597,800; Benares, 530,000; Kio, 520,726; Su-ls-chen, 500,000; Hong Ischen, 500,000, &c. The fortieth on the list is Berlin, containing 193,000, and the last Bristol, 87,800. Among the 100 cities, 3 contain more than a million; 9 from half a million to

one million; 23 from 200,000 to 500,000; 56 from 1 to 200,000; 6 from 87 to 100,000. Of these 100 cities, 58 are in Asia, and 32 in Europe; of which 4 are in Germany, 4 in France, 5 in Italy, 8 in England, 3 in Spain, 5 in Africa and 5 in America. A list of the population of 94 states is given; the following is an extract: China, 264,500,000; British Empire, 136,500,000; Russia, 59,000,000; Japan, 40,500,000; France, 31,500,000; Austria, 30,000,000; Turkish Empire, 24,500,000; Anam, 23,000,000; Spain, 15,000,000; Morocco 15,000,000; Persia, 13,500,000; Afghanistan 12,800,000; Low Countries, 12,800,000; Burmese, 12,000,000; Corea, 12,000,000; Tibet, 12,000,000; Prussia, 11,370,000; United States, 10,645,000; Naples, 7,506,000; Brazil, 5,500,000. The principality of Lichtenstein contains the smallest number of inhabitants out of the 94 states, having only 5,800.

Beethoven.—The following notice of the most celebrated music composer now living (*Beethoven*) is from a new book of travels in Germany, by John Russel, Esq.

"**** Though not an old man, he is lost to society in consequence of his extreme deafness. His features are strong and prominent; his eye is full of energy; his hair, which neither comb nor scissors seem to have visited for years, overshadows his broad brow in a quantity and confusion to which only the snakes round a Gorgon's head offer a parallel. He has always a small paper book with him in which he dots down any musical idea which strikes him.

"The moment he is seated at the piano, he is evidently unconscious that there is any thing in existence but himself and his instrument; and considering how very deaf he is, it seems impossible that he should hear all he plays. Accordingly, when playing the *piano*, he often does not bring out a single note. He hears it himself in the "mind's ear." While his eye and the almost imperceptible motion of his fingers, show that he is following out the strain in his own soul through all its dying gradations; the instrument is actually as dumb as the musician is deaf."

An Extract.—"For myself, I can pass by the tomb of a man with somewhat of a calm indifference; but when I survey the grave of a female, a sigh involuntarily escapes me. With the holy name of woman I associate every soft, tender and delicate affection. I think of her as the young and bashful virgin, with eyes sparkling, and cheeks crimsoned with each impassioned feeling of her heart; as the kind and affectionate wife, absorbed in the exercise of her domestic duties; as the chaste and virtuous matron, tired with the follies of the world, and preparing for that grave into which she must so soon descend. Oh! there is something in contemplating the character of a woman, that raises the soul far, far above the vulgar level of society. She is formed to adorn and humanize mankind, to soothe his cares, and strew his path with flowers. In the hour of distress she is the rock on which he leans for support, and when fate calls him from existence, her tears bedew his grave. Can I look down upon her tomb then without emotion? Man has always justice done to his memory—woman never. The pages of history lie open to the one; but the meek and unobtrusive excellencies of the other sleep with her, unnoticed in the grave. In her may have shone the genius of the poet, with the virtues of the saint—the energy of the man, with the tender softness of the woman. She too may have passed unheeded along the sterile pathway of her existence, and felt for others as I now feel for her."

Parisian Gaming Houses.—"Of all the seductions to which foreigners are exposed in this great city, the most dangerous, the only one the extent of which cannot be foreseen, the only one from which there is no escape, is gambling. Reason and morality have in vain exerted themselves to put an end to the plague of the gaming houses. The evil that might result from the establishment of secret and clandestine tables, the proceedings of which it would be impossible to overlook, and the income of 8,000,000 francs resulting to the state from these scandalous institutions, induce government to protect them. We will, however, abstain from indicating one of them, preferring to be charged with inaccuracy or imperfection rather than to facilitate the entrance of a single human being into places from which there is but one step to shame or death."

THE TRAVELLER.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CAVERN-FORTRESS OF MOUNT FARNASSUS.

We crossed a gigantic and precipitous ravine, through whose depth flows a torrent, which takes its rise on the summit of Farnassus. The ravine encircles this side of the mountain; it closes a beautiful modern village, and the extensive remains of an ancient fortress, with its walls, towers and aqueducts, built of fine marble, now yellow through time, but in excellent preservation. We passed through this village, and crossing several streams, ascended up the side of the mountain by a precipitous and rugged path, till, in the space of about 20 minutes, we came to a fine grove of old oaks, which Ulysses had converted into a camp for his troops. Leaving this, we continued to toil up a path whose steepness continually augmented. A labour of half an hour brought us to the base of a stupendous precipice, whose bare and rocky side projected out like the bastion of a giant built fortress. At the height of eighty feet, there is an extensive shelf of rock running into a deep and hollow cave. Above this the precipice rises to the height of six or seven hundred feet, in the form of a rainbow-shaped arch, whose projection protects the cavern beneath. We ascended, by ladders placed one over the other, to the first ledge, and entered by an iron door this part of the cavern, which serves for a guard-room. It is about 300 feet in length and 30 deep, faced by an artillery-proof; well furnished with port-holes and cannons; this forms a fine platform, and several houses, with forges, workshops, &c. have been erected on it. We then ascended fifty feet by another ladder, to the principal cave, which is also fortified. It is impossible for more than one man to ascend at a time, and that by the ladders; so that this cavern may be defended by a woman against thousands, even if the lower works were taken by treachery or storm. The cave is wild and huge; its mouth is seventy feet wide, and shaded by trees and shrubs. Far back there is a house for the women, a large cistern and store-house. The cistern is supplied by a waterfall from above, and there is besides a spring not a gun shot off. From this, we again ascended, by the same means to a higher cavern of great extent, which is occupied by a regular street of ware-houses and magazines, filled with ammunition and provisions sufficient to supply the inhabitants during a protracted siege. Ulysses had deposited his family and treasures there. From this height we enjoyed an extensive view, probably unequalled for beauty and variety. This extraordinary fortress is undoubtedly the most important strong hold in possession of the Greeks. The Turks have left no means untried to get possession of it. Two years back they brought 25,000 men before it, and kept up a heavy cannonade for 25 days. Ulysses had then 3000 soldiers in the cavern. The Turks could not cross the ravine with their cannon, but under the protection of the artillery, 5000 of their soldiers traversed this impediment and came close up under the walls; to scale them was impossible and they were soon dislodged. In the summer of 1825 the Turkish army again encamped before it; but it is said that some foreign engineers attending on them, declaring it impregnable, they again decamped. In fact it has been regularly fortified by English engineers.

—*Buckingham's Travels.*

We sometimes lightly complain of our friends, to be beforehand in justifying our own levity.

BIOGRAPHY.

FROM THE WORCESTER MAGAZINE.

ROGER SHERMAN,

Who was alike distinguished as a profound statesman and jurist, was born at Newton, Mass. on the 19th of April, 1721. His parents were obscure but worthy citizens, and he had no better education than the slender and limited provisions of a common free school, furnished at that early period. At a suitable age he was apprenticed to a Shoemaker, having chosen that trade as the business of his life, and continued to labour in this occupation until after he was twenty-two. He however had a strong and ardent thirst after knowledge, and employed every moment which could be spared from his other avocation in the acquisition of knowledge. It is even said that while laboring he constantly kept a book by him. In 1743, having lost his father, he with his mother removed to New Milford, in the then colony of Connecticut. Here he was associated with his brother in mercantile business, which gave him a better opportunity to gratify his taste for intellectual improvement; for it appears he made such advances in the several studies of mathematics, that in 1745, he was appointed surveyor of the county of Litchfield, and gained some celebrity in making the necessary calculations for an almanac. These facts would be hardly worth mentioning, except as they show how a powerful mind developed itself unaided by instruction. His clear and comprehensive views of subjects seemed to recommend him to some pursuit in life which would give a more extended field for intellectual exertion, and his friends urged him to embrace the profession of law. He accordingly commenced the study, and, in 1754, was admitted an attorney and counsellor. In 1755 he was chosen to represent New Milford in the colonial assembly, and was elected several years in succession. He soon attained to eminence in his profession, and in 1759, was elevated to the bench of the Common Pleas for Litchfield. In 1761, he left that county and removed to New-Haven, where he was soon elected a representative, and in 1765, was raised to the bench of Common Pleas for the county of New-Haven. In 1766, he was chosen by the people of Connecticut an assistant, and in the same year was made a Judge of the Supreme Court. He continued to be returned at every successive election an assistant for seventeen years, and remained on the bench of the Supreme Court until 1789, when he resigned his seat. In 1774 he was elected a member of the first Congress, and was continued either a member of the house or senate until his death, in 1793. His name is among those who subscribed the declaration of Independence. Such is a mere outline of the public services of one of the fathers of this country. To do justice to a name so conspicuous, to point out in detail the able and faithful manner in which he performed the various and burdensome public duties which devolved upon him, would require a biographical notice that would swell into a volume, and a few men deserve a volume more, or would fill it better. He was a man of plain unostentatious manners, but firm and unwavering in his opinions. He discharged the duties of the various offices which he held, to the great satisfaction of the public, and with great honor to himself. His judgement was clear, and so remarkably correct that his colleagues in Congress have said, he never in all the perplexities of that body cast a wrong vote. He was more distinguished for his accurate, comprehensive views of subjects, than for his eloquence; hence he was much employed on committees in the investigation of the most complex and difficult matters, and his opinions were always received with great deference and respect. Of the high estimation in which he was held there needs no other proof than the fact that he was elevated by the people of Connecticut to almost every office within the gift. Of the fidelity and ability with which he discharged his public duties, there needs no better proof than his re-election to all offices he would consent to take, as long as he would accept them.

On the whole, Roger Sherman was no common man, but seemed to be fitted to the times in which he lived. He was no demagogue, but a friend to the rights of man, and an enemy to the usurpation of political power. He stood forth in times of great peril the advocate of his distressed country and to him and others who had minds that could not be appalled by disaster nor intimi-

dated by threats, must we attribute the blessings we enjoy as a free and independent nation. In 1793, he died at New-Haven, and a monument is erected to his memory in the principal burying place of that city.

MASONRY.

"The Secrets of Freemasonry, have long been the subject of the sneers and raillery of those who should be silent, where they are confessedly ignorant. It is certainly no evidence of their good sense, to laugh at what they do not understand, nor of their good manners, to ridicule a society with whose principles they are unacquainted. While such illiberality will be condemned by every person of reflection, I must confess, that the professors of Freemasonry often times carry their vauntings, and mystical allusions, beyond what is necessary, or proper. Where we are restrained by our Order from revealing as much as may be asked of us, we should be cautious not to excite more curiosity than we are at liberty to gratify. It is, therefore, very wisely directed by our Constitution, not to *solicit*, or *urge* any one to become a Freemason. But when a gentleman is desirous of being initiated into our society we should be careful not to disgust him with a childish account of mystic ceremonies, and fearful forms of initiation; but we should, as far as our Order permits, give him such a rational view of the principles and purposes of our excellent and ancient institution, as will convince him that the society is tenacious of its high reputation, and of the approbation of the wise and the good. We may, for example, tell him, that one of the great objects of the institution is *charity*; that we are bound to relieve the wants of each other in preference to strangers; that as Masonry is co-extensive with civilization, the brotherhood would remain personally unknown to each other, if we did not possess the means of obtaining this knowledge under any circumstance, and in every situation and country. This, then, is our great Secret. We can make ourselves known to each other, and surrounding persons cannot perceive it. Whether our brother be at a distance, or walking by our side; whether it be in the darkness of midnight, or in the glare of noon-day; whether he be surrounded by a multitude, or journeying alone; whether he is imprisoned in a dungeon, or enjoying the freedom of his nature, we can immediately discover him to belong to the mystic family, and the most attentive, but uninitiated observer, will remain ignorant of the disclosure. And what is as extraordinary as it is important, considering the immense number of the initiated from time immemorial to the present day, among whom there have been many worthless characters, yet this Secret has never been, and from this very circumstance we have reason to believe never will be, disclosed to the world. If we go farther back than a thousand years, it will excite the deepest reflection and astonishment to observe, that a society of such antiquity, composed of every nation and tongue in the civilized world, and of millions of members of every class, and character, should possess such power over the initiated, that this Secret of communication should never have been disclosed! This alone is a mystery. The reasonableness and usefulness, then, of this Secret, will be perceived by every person; for if we are bound to succour an unfortunate brother in distress, we must possess the means of ascertaining that he is a brother; that the children of darkness may not eat the bread of the children of light. It is oftentimes necessary that this should be

done in secret; for it is due to the delicacy of a brother's feelings, to enable him to communicate his wants, without the unenlightened being able to discover it. And another very important part of this secret is, that in every nation, and in every tongue, Freemasons, who are strangers to the country and language, can readily communicate their wants to each other, without interpreters, or delay. So that I may truly say, the Masonic Secret is the passport of Charity, Benevolence, and Brotherly-love, through the whole civilized world."

THE REPOSITORY.

THE BROKEN VOW.

"He will not come to-night," said Emma, as she looked out of her chamber window on the still and depopulated streets, and saw the dark rain clouds gathering in the sky; "he will not come to-night, it is past his hour; ah, he did not use to be so careful about the weather—but I will not indulge in disquietude—he has promised—" The word died upon her lips; she recollected the coldness, the tone of ambiguity, with which that promise had been repeated, when Theodore last visited her, and in a confused and embarrassed manner, though with much parade, of his regret and disappointment, assured her it would be impossible for him to conform to his engagement, and marry her at the time appointed—She remembered how her heart sunk within her at the moment, and the strange, mysterious presentiment that crossed her mind. That then, for the first time, she thought how bitter a thing must be disappointed love; for the first time, felt the force of the remark, which she had so often heard:

"Men's vows are brittle things."

Still the natural buoyancy of her spirits forbade her to despond. True, he had broken his first engagement but he had represented to her the imperious necessity of the measure, and she had acquiesced in it. True, he had not fixed the more distant period; he had left the final hour indefinite, she could not believe him unfaithful; but she had his promise, she had his oath; she would not believe him unfaithful; she could not believe him perjured. At last, after an absence of a week, which seemed to her a year, he visited the house again; he once more mingled with the smiling family circle; he seemed the same he had always been, and she was happy.—But he retired before the family; this cost her a night's rest; it was not his usual manner, and she wondered why, at this particular time, he should have so much more business than usual. Still, she endeavoured to put the most favorable construction upon every thing; she strove to acquit him in her heart.

But love has eagle eyes, and from their piercing vigilance, duplicity must be coupled with most consummate art, if she would avoid detection. Emma was caressed by a large circle of acquaintance, and Theodore was also a favorite; in parties, they frequently came together, and there, when the spirits are up, and all reserve thrown off, the heart unmasks itself. There Theodore often forgot his caution, and, not only abated his usual display of partiality for Emma, but lavished his fondness on another. The generous girl forgave him until forgiveness became a crime, committed against her own heart. She resolved to lead a more secluded life, and in prosecuting her resolve, she soon found ample evidence of what she most feared. His visits grew less and less frequent, until, at length, they were discontinued altogether.

Woman-like, in the depth of her sorrows, she retired as it were, within herself, and secure in the confidence that not even her nearest relatives or friends knew any thing of her disappointment, she nursed her grief in secret, and put on a smile as sweet, if not as gay, before the world. But, heroically as she played this new and deceptive part, her feelings gradually obtained the victory over her frame: she pined and pined away, day after day; the paleness of departed health blanched her young cheek, and she roved, in the stillness of the evening, among the tombs of her fathers, in the churchyard, like a thin shadow of the past. None knew her grief, but he who was its cause; and he shuddered at the ruin he had made.

Her friends perceived, with concern, the rapid decay of her health, and as the family had some relative in Bermuda, they resolved to send her there.—The voyage had a salutary effect; the change of scenes and circumstances; new friends and acquaintances, and the kindness she experienced in her new abode, dispelled much of the cherished gloom that pressed upon her heart, and added life to her almost inanimate frame. The glow of health gradually returned, and she shone in the maturity of her beauty, a star of no common lustre in the fashionable world of that delightful Island.

A year had not elapsed before the hand of one of the wealthiest merchants in the Island was offered her. He was all that the young maiden heart admires: generous, noble and virtuous, and of years suited to her own. She accepted it, and became a happy wife.

Having left Philadelphia with the intention of returning, she now awaited anxiously for the opportunity; but a variety of causes prevented it, year after year: a beautiful family of children grew around her; her husband was deeply engaged in an extensive and lucrative business; and twelve years passed by before she was able to accomplish her wishes, in all which time she had never made an inquiry about, or once heard of, her former lover.

Now, Mr. Leferre retired from business, and proposed accompanying her, with her family, to America. They reached Philadelphia in safety, and walked up Walnut Street, to the old family mansion. It remained unaltered; her father and mother, the old servants, her former friends, who remained, all welcomed her to her ancient home. The shrubs she had planted in the yard had grown up; beautiful trees.—Her name remained where she had engraved it, on the sash of her chamber, twelve years before, and she sat down by it—called back the recollections of by-past times, and wept—yet these were tears mingled with joy and sorrow.

Mr. Leferre took a fine establishment in Chesnut St. and lived in splendid style. Emma used to ride out daily, in an elegant carriage, with her infant family; and, as had long been her practice, she carefully sought out such objects of distress as she deemed it would be charitable to relieve.

One day, riding in the suburbs of the city, she saw a poor, half-clothed man, lying on the ground, and a tattered child crying bitterly by his side, to which he paid no attention. She directed the coachman to stop, and calling the man, enquired why he disregarded the child—and whose it was? "It is my own," said he; "I come out, hoping to get a place for it in yonder house, and could not; it is almost starved; and I have not the means to procure food for myself or it." She gave him a small sum, and directed him to call at her house the next day. He received it with tears, and promised compliance. At the hour appointed, the poor man, with his helpless child, waited in the kitchen for the call of his benefactress. Mrs. Leferre sent for them in the breakfast room, as soon as the family had dispersed, and desired to know by what means he had brought himself to poverty and want. The man spoke out honestly. Intemperence, he said, was the great cause, but his troubles had driven him to that. "I once saw better days," (said he;) "I was a partner in a mercantile concern; I married; I was deceived; the mother of this poor child, after involving me in ruinous debts, left me with a libertine, whose addresses she had long received; I drowned my sorrows, and sunk my character in habits of vice and intoxication. I have been twice imprisoned for crime—I am destitute of friends and employment."

"And what is your name?" asked Emma.

"Theodore W——," he replied, after a moment's hesitation. The kind lady turned pale and trembled; she gazed at him: she recognized in him the faithless Theodore.

"At last, (said she, affecting to be calm,) you have learned to keep your promises—you called at the time appointed—I will provide a place for yourself and child."

"Ah! (said he,) you know me. When you asked my name, I dared not tell you an untruth; but I hoped it had been forever blotted from your memory. I watched your fortunes—I rejoiced at your prosperity—I cursed my own folly, until I had exhausted all my powers. But broken vows came back to their author, in the end, and mine has ruined me forever."

He covered his face and wept. She left him, and having consulted with Mr. Leferre, procured him a sit-

uation in an honest occupation, and placed the child at school.

Thus was the maxim verified; "all is for the best to the innocent and the virtuous;" and thus it is that vice works out its own reward at last.

THE IROQUOIS MARTYR.

Extract of a tale published in the Atlantic Souvenir.

The wild procession moved on to the green, a place appropriated in every Indian village to councils and sports. The Indians formed a circle around an oak tree—the ancients were seated—the young men stood respectfully without the circle. Talasco arose, and drawing from his bosom a roll, he cut a cord that bound it, and threw it on the ground—"Brothers and sons," he said, "behold the scalps of the Christian Utawas; their bodies are mouldering on the sands of St. Louis—thus perish all the enemies of the Iroquois. Brothers, behold my child—the last of the house of Talasco. I have uprooted her from the strange soil where our enemies had planted her; she shall be re-set in the warmest valley of the Iroquois, if she marries the young chief Allawemi, and abjures that sign," and he touched with the point of his knife the crucifix that hung at Francoise's neck. He paused for a moment. Francoise did not raise her eyes, and he added, in a voice of thunder, "Hear me, child, if thou dost not again link thyself in the chain of thy people—if thou dost not abjure that badge of thy slavery to the Christian dogs, I will sacrifice thee—as I swore before I went forth to battle; I will sacrifice thee to the God Arcosd!—Life and death are before thee—speak."

Francoise calmly arose, and sinking on her knees, she raised her eyes to Heaven, pressed the crucifix to her lips, and made the sign of the cross on her forehead. Talasco's giant frame shook like a trembling child while he looked at her—for one brief moment the flood of natural affection rolled over his fierce passions, and he uttered a piercing cry as if a life-cord were severed, but after a moment of agony, the sight of which made the old men's heads to shake, and young eyes to overflow with tears, he brandished his knife, and commanded the youths to prepare the funeral pile. A murmur arose among the old men.

"Nay, Talasco," said one of them, "the tender sapling should not be so hastily condemned to the fire.—Wait till the morning's sun—suffer thy child to be conducted to Gecanhatenna's hut—the call of the mother bird may bring the wanderer back to the nest."

Francoise turned impetuously toward her father, and clasping her hands, she exclaimed, "Oh do not—do not send me to my mother—this—only mercy I ask of you—I can bear any other torture—pierce me with those knives on which the blood of my husband is scarcely dry—consume me with your fires—I will not shrink from any torment—a Christian martyr can endure as firmly as the proudest captive of your tribe."

"Ha!" exclaimed the old man, exultingly, "the pure blood of the Iroquois runs in her veins—prepare the pile—the shadows of this night shall cover her ashes."

A child of faith—a martyr does not perish without the ministry of celestial spirits. The expression of despair vanished from Francoise's face. A supernatural joy beamed from her eyes, which were cast upwards—her spirit seemed eager to spring from its prison house—she mounted the pile most cheerfully, and standing erect and undaunted, "happy am I," she exclaimed, "thus permitted to die in my own country and by the hand of my kindred, after the example of my Saviour, who was nailed to the cross by his own people." She then pressed the crucifix to her lips, and signified to her executioners to put fire to the pile. They stood motionless with the fire-brands in their hands. Francoise appeared to be a voluntary sacrifice, not a victim.

Her father was maddened by her victorious constancy. He leaped upon the pile, and tearing the crucifix from her hands, he drew his knife from his girdle, and made an incision on her breast in the form of a cross—"Behold," he said, "the sign thou lovest—the sign of thy league with thy father's enemies—the sign that made thee deaf to the voice of thy kindred."

"Thank thee, my father!" replied Francoise, with a triumphant smile; "I might have lost the cross thou hast taken from me, but this which thou hast given me, I shall bear even after death."

The pile was fired—the flames curled upwards, and the IROQUOIS MARTYR perished.

A CURE FOR GAMING.

The late Colonel Daniel, who took great pleasure in giving advice to young officers, guiding them in their military functions, the management of their pay, &c. whenever he was upon the article gaming, he used always to tell the following story of himself, as a warning to others, and to show that a little resolution may conquer this fatal passion. In Queen Anne's wars, he was an Ensign in the English army then in Spain; but he was so absolutely possessed with this evil, that all duty, and every thing else that prevented his gratifying of his darling passion, was to him most grievous; he scarce allowed himself time for rest; or, if he slept, his dreams presented packs of cards to his eyes, and the rattling of dice to his ears; his meals were neglected, or, if he attended them, he looked on that as so much lost time, and swallowed his meal with precipitation, and hurried to the dear gaming-table again. In one word, he was a professed gambler. For some time, fortune was his friend; and he was so successful, that he has often spread his winnings on the ground, and rolled himself on them, in order that it might be said of him, "He wallowed in gold." Such was his life for a considerable time; but, as he hath often said, and we dare say every considerate man will join with him, it was the most miserable part of it. After some time, he was ordered on a recruiting duty, and at Barcelona he raised one hundred and fifty recruits for the regiment; though this was left entirely to his serjeant, that he might be more at leisure to indulge his favorite passion. After some changes of good and ill luck, the fickle goddess declared so openly against him, that in one unlucky run, he was totally stripped of the last farthing. In this distress, he applied to the captain of the same regiment with himself for the loan of ten guineas, which was refused, with this speech; "What, lend my money to a professed gambler! No, sir, I must be excused; for of necessity I must lose either my money or my friend; I therefore choose to keep my money." With this taunting refusal he retired to his lodging, where he threw himself on the bed, to lay himself and his sorrows to a momentary rest, during the heat of the day. A gnaw, or some such vermin, happening to bite him he awoke, when his melancholy situation immediately presented itself to him. Without money, and no prospect how to get any to subsist himself, and his recruits to the regiment, then at a great distance from him; and should they desert for want of their pay he must be answerable for it; and he could expect nothing but cashiering for disappointing the Queen's service. He had no friend; for him whom he had esteemed so, had not only refused to lend him money, but had added taunts to his refusal. He had not an acquaintance there; and strangers, he knew, would not let him have so large a sum as was answerable to his real necessity. This naturally led him to reflect seriously on what had induced him to commence gambler; and this he perceived, was idleness. He had now found the cause, but the cure was still wanting: how was this to be effected so as to prevent a relapse? Something must be done, some method must be pursued, so effectually to employ his time as to prevent his having any to throw away at gaming. It then occurred to him, that the adjutancy of the regiment was to be disposed of, and this he determined to purchase, as a post the most likely to find him a sufficient and laudable way of passing his time. He had letters of credit to draw for what sum he pleased, for his promotion in the army, but not to throw away idly, or to encourage his extravagance. This was well; but the main difficulty remained, and he must get, to the regiment before he could take any steps towards the intended purchase, or draw for the sum to make it with. While he was endeavouring to fall upon some expedient to extricate himself out of this dilemma, his friend, who had refused him in the morning, came to pay him a visit. After a very cool reception on the colonel's side, the other began by asking him, what steps he intended to take to relieve himself from the anxiety he plainly saw he was in? The colonel then told him all that he had thought upon that head, and the resolution he had made of purchasing the adjutancy as soon as he could join the regiment. His friend then getting up, and embracing him, said, "My dear Daniel, I refused you in the morning, in that abrupt manner, in order to bring you to a sense of the dangerous situation you were in, and to make you reflect seriously on the folly of the way of life you had got into. I heartily rejoice that it has had

the desired effect. Pursue the laudable resolution you have made; for, be assured, that idleness and gaming are the ruin of youth. My interest, advice, and purse, are now at your command; there, take it, and please yourself with what are necessary to subsist yourself and recruits to the regiment." This presently brought the colonel off the bed; and this afternoon's behaviour entirely obliterated the harshness of his friend's morning refusal; he now viewed him in the agreeable light of a sincere friend, and for ever after esteemed, and found him such. In short, the colonel set out with his recruits for the regiment, where he gained great applause for his success, which, as well as his commission, he had well nigh lost by one morning's folly. He immediately solicited for, and purchased, the adjutancy; and from that day forward never touched cards or dice, but as they ought to be used, merely for diversion, or to unbend the mind after too close an attention to serious affairs.

THE LITERARY CASKET.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1826.

The following passage from one of the Apocryphal books of the Old Testament, (the 17th chapter of the Wisdom of Solomon) seems to us very highly poetical, and probably is the source from which Byron drew the general notion, and many of the particular ideas of his poem, entitled "*Darkness*." We suggest this that our readers may make a comparison; whether they agree with us or not in this opinion, they will be at least rewarded for their trouble by the singular beauty of the passage.

For great are thy judgments, and cannot be expressed; therefore untaught souls have erred.

For when unrighteous men thought to oppress the holy nation; they being shut up in their houses, the prisoners of darkness, and fettered with the bonds of a long night, lay there exiled from the eternal providence.

For while they supposed to be hid in their secret sins, they were scattered under a dark veil of forgetfulness, being horribly astonished, and troubled with strange apparitions.

For neither might the corner that held them keep them from fear: but noises as of waters falling down sounded about them, and sad visions appeared unto them with heavy countenances.

No power of the fire might give them light: neither could the bright flames of the stars endure to lighten that horrible night.

Only there appeared unto them a fire kindled of itself, very dreadful; for being much terrified, they thought the things which they saw to be worse than the sight they saw not.

As for the illusions of art magic, they were put down, and their vaunting in wisdom was reproved with disgrace.

For they that promised to drive away terrors and troubles from a sick soul, were sick themselves of fear, worthy to be laughed at.

For though no terrible thing did fear them; yet being scared with beasts that passed by, and hissing of serpents,

They died for fear, denying that they saw the air, which could of no side be avoided.

For wickedness, condemned by her own witness, is very timorous, and being pressed with conscience, always foretelleth grievous things.

For fear is nothing else but a betraying of the succours which reason offereth.

And the expectation from within, being less, connoteth the ignorance more than the cause which bringeth the torment.

But they sleeping the same sleep that night, which was indeed intolerable, and which came upon them out of the bottoms of inevitable hell,

Were partly vexed with monstrous apparitions, and partly fainting, their heart failing them: for a sudden fear, and not looked for, came upon them.

So then whosoever there fell down was straitly kept shut up in a prison without iron bars.

For whether he were a husbandman, or shepherd, or a labourer in the field, he was overtaken, and endured that necessity, which could not be avoided: for they were all bound with one chain of darkness.

Whether it were a whistling wind, or a melodious noise of birds among the spreading branches, or a pleasing fall of water running violently,

Or a terrible sound of stones cast down, or a running that could not be seen of skipping beasts, or a roaring voice of most savage wild beasts, or a rebounding echo from the hollow mountains; these things made them to swoon for fear.

For the whole world shined with clear light, and none were hindered in their labour:

Over them only was spread a heavy light, an image of that darkness which should afterward receive them: but yet were they unto themselves more grievous than the darkness.

CLASSICAL LEARNING.

"Our early years, it is said, may be more advantageously spent in acquiring the knowledge of things, than of words. But this is by no means so certain as at first sight it may appear. If you attempt to teach children science, commonly so called, it will perhaps be found in the sequel that you have taught them nothing. You may teach them like parrots, to repeat, but you can scarcely make them able to weigh the merits of contending hypothesis. Many things that we go over in our youth we find ourselves compelled to recommence in our riper years under peculiar disadvantages. The grace or novelty they have forever lost. We are encumbered with prejudices with respect to them; and before we begin to learn, we must set ourselves with a determined mind to unlearn the crude mass of opinions concerning them that were once laboriously inculcated on us. But in the rudiments of language, it can scarcely be supposed that we shall have any thing that we shall see reason to wish obliterated from our minds.

"The age of youth seems particularly adapted to the learning of words. The judgment is then small; but the memory is retentive. In our riper years we remember passions, facts and arguments; but it is for the most part in youth only that we retain the very words in which they are conveyed. Youth easily contents itself with this species of employment, especially where it is not enforced with particular severity. Acquisitions that are insupportably disgusting in riper years, are often found to afford to young persons no contemptible amusement.

"It has often been said that classical learning is an excellent accomplishment in men devoted to letters, but that it is ridiculous in parents whose children are destined to more ordinary occupations, to desire to give them a superficial acquaintance with Latin, which in the sequel will infallibly fall into neglect. A conclusion opposite to this is dictated by the preceding reflections. We can never certainly foresee the future destination and propensities of our children. But let them be taken for granted in the argument, yet, if there be any truth in the above reasonings, no portion of classical learning, however small, need be wholly lost. Some refinement of mind, and some clearness of thinking will almost infallibly result from grammatical studies. Though the language itself should ever after be neglected, some portion of a general science has thus been acquired, which can scarcely be forgotten. Though our children should be destined to the humblest occupation, that does not seem to be a sufficient reason for our denying them the acquisition of some of the most fundamental documents of human understanding."

Science is the surest path to wealth and eminence, the best and noblest source of worldly enjoyment. The cultivation of Science presents a constant, rich and boundless field of exercise, pleasure, and improvement, to the whole energies of human intellect. All other exercises and enjoyments are apt to cloy upon the mind, and constitute no lasting or substantial gratification; but the more we court and gain the good graces of Science, we are the more strongly induced to cultivate and admire her. All other pleasures and pos-

sessions fluctuate in the fleeting train of Fortune. Knowledge, secure in conscious strength, erects alone her giant form, and boldly defies the assaults of every earthly power. It is a solid and imperishable treasure, which enlarges the mind, improves the heart, produces liberality and magnanimity of sentiment, elevates its possessor above the world,—gives him, in some degree, a foretaste of the enjoyments which may be supposed to charm the soul in a future state, and assimilates him with beings of purer hearts and brighter intelligences than human.

The man who is unacquainted with Science can form no just or adequate conception of the Deity. To him the works of the Almighty are uninteresting and unconvincing, because unintelligible. Like the beasts around him, he sees, and receives the benefit of the different productions of Nature, without ever inquiring how, or for what purpose they are produced. And it is therefore a matter of no surprise to me, that an ignorant and foolish man should call in question the existence of a Supreme Being. But that men of judgment, reflection, and learning, can seriously doubt that this vast and magnificent world is the production of an omniscient, omnipotent, and eternal Being, is, to me, an inexplicable wonder. Who can contemplate the beauty and harmony of the heavenly bodies,—explore the various chemical combinations of natural substances,—observe the admirable mechanism and ingenuity with which the different parts of the animal body are adapted to perform their numerous and wonderful functions, or the constitution and powers of the mind, without being thoroughly convinced that they are the invention and production of matchless intelligence and design!

The beauty, perfection, and magnificence of this world, however, are only a proof of the power and wisdom of God; and if they manifested nothing more, we might view Him in the light of a cold-hearted and reckless spirit, who amused himself by forming a world to delight his own eyes, and a race of beings whose happiness he disregarded. But his handiworks are likewise pregnant with convincing demonstrations of His infinite benevolence.

PREMIUMS.

To give encouragement to genius, the Publishers of the LITERARY CASKET, hereby offer a Premium of \$10, or a piece of Plate of that value, for the best original MORAL TALE, and \$10 for the best original POEM, to be published in the Casket.

A select committee will be appointed to judge of the merits of the respective pieces offered, which must be presented on or before the 25th April.

Candidates will please enclose their names in a separate envelope, in letters Post-paid, by the above time, addressed to the Publishers of the Casket.

VARIETY.

Various anecdotes connected with the late ascent of a balloon in England are related.—Among the crowd on Devonshire terrace, and the fields behind it, a great many persons saw neither car nor aeronauts; they thought the latter were in the balloon, and strained their eyeballs to get a glance of them drinking their wine, through the illuminated silk! when the machine finally descended, a country boy was sent off to the inn in a great hurry to order a chaise. The boy was perfectly astounded—he ran into the house with open mouth—"A man (he exclaimed) is just come down

from heaven, and wants a chaise to carry him back again!"

AN ENGLISH STORY.—An English paper states that the cold was so intense one day last winter in a part of England, that a wharf-rat on jumping on an iron post after swimming across a river, was immediately frozen to the iron, and died before he could know his legs off, which he attempted! It is a wonder the river was not frozen.

APHORISM.—Those who quit their proper character to assume what does not belong to them, are, for the greater part, ignorant both of the character they leave, and of the character they assume.

Nothing appears so low and mean as lying and dissimulation; and, it is observable, that only weak animals endeavour to supply by craft the defects of strength which nature has not given them.

Every man should mind his own business; for he who meddles with other men's good or ill fortune, will never be at rest.

When Aristipus returned from the court of Dionysius, he said to Diogenes, "If you knew how to flatter kings, you need not live upon herbs." To which he replied, "If you knew how to live on herbs, you need not flatter kings."

A miller at Darby, who lately quitted his trade to keep tavern, sent for a painter to paint the sign of the mill—"I must have the miller looking out of the window." It shall be done, said the painter. "But as I was never seen to be idle, you must make him pop his head in, if any one looks at him."—This also the artist promised, and brought home the sign. "It is well done—but where is the miller?" O said the painter, he popped his head in when you looked.

An old Irish beggar man, pretending to be dumb, was thrown off his guard by the question, "How many years have you been dumb?" and answered, Five years last St. John's eve, *plase your honor*.

Practical wit.—A young gentleman celebrated for his wit at college, was asked by his father for a specimen of his talents, while entertaining a party of friends at vacation. The scholar knelt upon the hearth and *roared lustily twice*, to the great surprise of the old Squire, who asked him what he meant by that? "Why, sir," replied the son, "seeing the fire so low, I thought it might be the better for a pair of bellows."

"I suppose," said a quack while feeling the pulse of his patient, "that you think me a fool." "Sir," replied the sick man, "I perceive you can discover a man's thoughts by his pulse."

SKETCH.

I came to my little village. I sat down by the fountains where I had sat in childhood. The wind whistled in bleak murmurs through the grove; and my heart was sad! I drank of the water of its fountains, but its sweetness had flown—and the stealing tear dropped from my dim eye. I beheld a maiden—she was lovely—but I could not be glad. "Where (said I) is Mary of the dark and smiling eye? She who once glided through these vallies? She was fair. Dark was her hair as the plumage of the raven's wing, and floated on the morning breeze, as yon wild-waving trees nod to the winds."—"Mary was fair, (said the maiden), but she sleeps beneath yon silent mound, where the dark grass waves. Ten Autumn winds have scattered the promise of fair Spring upon her tomb. The cypress shades the place of her rest—but she went to the earth alone; no kind hand scattered flowers upon her lowly bed. Her lover went forth to war, and she faded in death. His name appeared first and brightest among the warriors of his country—he toiled in the battle front, and was dear to his kinsmen—his name was dreaded by his foes—but she was at rest! The claron of war sounded victory—he left the clamour of battle, and came to the grove where they pledged their vows. Peace and honor had gilded his banner—but the dreams of his early love had vanished as the unseen wind. Soon did he sleep in the arms of death. The thistle nods over his resting-place, and his ear drinks not the sound of the trumpet, or the clattering of the war-hoof. Peace is with his ashes—he hath passed away, and my soul is sad!"—*Auburn Free Press.*

Lord Erskine having made a most brilliant speech on some occasion, at the Crown and Anchor, was met the next day by a learned Brother, who, after complimenting him on his success, observed, that "tho' delighted, enraptured, by the speech, when listening to it, yet, strange to say, he (the auditor) had not carried off a single idea; he could not even call to mind what it was about." Erskine, throwing himself into an attitude expressive of admiration, replied, "Nor, to tell you the truth, do I retain a trace of it; it was the fragrance of the rose, lost as soon as shed."

LITERARY NOTIONS.

New Novel.—A gentleman of Philadelphia is engaged in preparing for the press, a novel called "The Highlands, a tale of the Hudson." The scene is laid, as the name denotes, near the celebrated passage of the Hudson, through the Highlands, in the state of New York. It will be issued from the press in the early part of June.

A work entitled "The Life and times of Napoleon," is preparing for the press in London, by Sir John Byerly. The London Literary Gazette remarks—"It is expected to make three volumes quarto; and promises the author's long residence in Paris, and acquaintance with many of the leading characters of the times, to possess much new information." A life of Napoleon is also publishing in numbers at Paris. It is written by M. Arnalt, author of Germanicus.

A new miscellaneous periodical is about to be established in London, to be called "The Literary Lounger." Also, another of a scientific character, to be called the "Phenomenist."

Dr. Lyall will speedily publish "Memoirs of the life and reign of the late Emperor Alexander I. of Russia; a work which will also contain a sketch of the life of the reigning Autocrat."

Memoirs of the Margravine of Anspach, by herself, have been published, and are said by the London Literary Gazette, to be highly interesting.

A new novel, to be entitled "The New-York Yankee; or Tales of the First Settlers on the 'Toughnoga,'" is preparing for the press in Cortland Village, in New-York.

Memoirs of the Philadelphia Society for promoting Agriculture; containing Communications on various Subjects in Husbandry and Rural Affairs. 8vo. Vol. V. Price \$2. Philadelphia. R. H. Small.

A select Collection of valuable and curious Arts, and interesting Experiments, which are well explained, and warranted genuine, and may be performed easily, safely, and at little expense. 18mo. pp. 102. Concord, N. H. Rufus Porter.

A Historical Sketch of the Formation of the Confederacy, particularly with Reference to the Provincial Limits and the Jurisdiction of the General Government over Indian Tribes and the Public Territory. By Joseph Blunt. 8vo. pp. 116. New York. G. & C. Carvill.

Notes on Blackstone's Commentaries; for the Use of Students. 8vo. pp. 500. Winchester, Virginia. S. H. Davis.

Remarks on the Banks and Currency of the New England States; and the Public Benefits resulting from the System pursued by the Allied Banks in Boston. By the Editor of the Boston Daily Advertiser, having been first published in that Paper. 8vo. pp. 41. Boston.

Changing Scenes, containing a Description of Men and manners of the Present Day, with Humorous Details of the Knickerbockers. By a Lady of New York. 2 vols. 12mo. New York.

The Passage of the Sea; a Scripture Poem. By S. L. Fairfield. New York.

The United States of America, compared with some European Countries, particularly England; in a Discourse, delivered in New York. By John Henry Hobart, D. D. 8vo. New York.

THE WREATH.

[Original.]

MARY'S GRAVE.

Rest, slumberer rest, the morn
Of brighter joys shall rise on thee,
And gild the sepulchre of Death,
With Holy Hope—
Remembrance loves to shed its tears
Of pity o'er the "narrow house"
Where sleeps the beautiful.
It is a consecrated spot.
And I have seen a lovely one
Sit weeping there. Dark auburn
Tresses fell in sweet luxuriance of
Beauty 'round that brow of her's.
She look'd unhappy—
But she knelt beside the grave of
Mary—and placed the Spring's first
Flowrets there, and gazed upon them
Till the tears of sorrow for the dead
Fell on that lonely mound.

H—

SONNET.

Earth holds no fairer, lovelier one than thou,
Maid of the laughing lip, and frolic eye.
Innocence sits upon thy open brow,
Like a pure spirit in its native sky.
If ever beauty stole the heart away,
Enchantress, it would fly to meet thy smile;
Moments would seem by thee a summer day,
And all around thee an Elysian isle.
Roses are nothing to the maiden blush
Sent o'er thy cheek's soft ivory, and night
Has nought so dazzling in its world of light,
As the dark rays that from thy lashes gush.
Love lurks amid thy silken curls, and lies
Like a keen archer in thy kindling eyes.

L. N. W.

SONG.—FROM THE ITALIAN.

In yonder grove of myrtle straying,
I saw a damsel and a child,
Joy on his frolic brow was playing,
Her cheeks were pale, her looks were wild;
Oft as she cull'd the dewy flowers,
His playful gambols she forbid,
And if he roved to distant bowers,
His steps controll'd, his wand'rings chid.

Time pass'd away on airy pinion,
When lo! I met the nymph alone,
The child had fled her harsh dominion,
And hopeless she was left to moan:
To learn the damsel's name I strove,
And his who shunn'd her prying eye,
The truant child I found was Love,
The weeping mourner JEALOUSY.

TIME.

The stream of time glides quickly on,
Year after year has come and gone,
Proud empires have sunk beneath thy blast,
And millions now are fetter'd by thy grasp,
Rome's gilded domes and monuments of fame,
Her glittering host,—who bore the name
Of conquering heroes, where are they—gone!
Still time with rapid stride rolls on.

Ye Moon and Stars whose pale light,
For countless ages have illum'd the night,
The Sun thou great ruler of the day
Ethereal light resplendant ray,

Say, can'st thou the deeds of earth unfold
That time has swept from memory's fold?
O art thou leagued with time
That in that boon of thine
We see stamp'd—Eternity!—
O time immensity of time from thee
We shrink, we bend before thee for we must,
When marble monuments crumble into dust
And sceptre'd Kings and nations pass away
Into that vast abyss of Eternity.
Who then can stand before thy with'ring blast
Or wrench the sceptre from thy tyrant grasp.

THE DECEIVER.

Accursed be he whose guileful tongue
Can wrong a woman's captive heart—
That fount from which has sweetly sprung
The joys it could alone impart—
Can turn that fount to grief and gall,
And poison her existence all!

Accursed be he, whose lips can press
A woman's lips of sinless glow,
Yet leave them, 'mid her happiness,
To pour the lonely plaint of woe,
That from the midnight shadows dear,
Is wafted to no human ear!

Accursed be he, who twines his arms
Around a woman's melting form,
Yet leaves her praised and peerless charms
A prey to sorrow's canker-worm,
Like lovely flowers that pass away
Even in the sunbright month of May!

Accursed be he—say, may he pass
Alone the turf, where she is laid,
Yet 'mid the rank and waving grass
A couchant serpent shall be laid,
That will a sting of conscience dart,
To wither up his perjurd heart!

The following lines were found written on a blank leaf
of the "Last of the Mohicans;" which we presume
were suggested by reading the burial of Uncas and
Cora.—*Rochester Album.*

WHY DO MY BROTHERS MOURN?

His spirit has gone, where the burning sun
Retires, when the daily course is run—
To the hunting grounds of the brave and good,
Where deer are found by the chrysal flood—
Where the trees are green, and the waters bright,
And no Huron comes to blast his sight.

She too has gone, the maiden fair
With the piercing eye, and raven hair—
She'll dread no more the hostile Indian
That roam on thy dark shores, Hican—
But oft from the Hunter's eye will flow
A tear, for the form that sleeps below.

The Indian girls, bright wreaths will braid
Of sweet wild flowers for the "pale fac'd" maid,
And when the rising sun does break
Thro' the fleecy clouds o'er the "holy lake,"
They'll lightly dance round the silent grave,
Where calmly rise the fair and the brave.

MASONIC ODE.

Empires and kings have pass'd away,
Into oblivion's mine;
And tow'ring domes have felt decay,
Since auld lang syne.

But Masonry, the glorious art,
With wisdom's ray divine;
'Twas ever so, the Hebrew cries,
In auld lang syne.

Behold the occidental chair,
Proclaims the day's decline—
Hiram of Tyre was seated there
In auld lang syne.

The South proclaims refreshment nigh,
High twelve's the time to dine;
And beauty deck'd the southern sky
In auld lang syne.

Yes, Masonry, whose temple here
Was built by hands divine,
Shall ever shine as bright and clear,
As in auld lang syne.

Then brethren to the worthy three,
Let us a wreath entwine,
The three great heads of Masonry
In auld lang syne.

Remembering oft that worthy one,
With gratitude divine;
The Tyrian youth—the widow's son,
Of auld lang syne.

SLEEP.

Gentle handmaid! genial sleep!—
Though like Death's thy dark dominion;
Round me still thy visions keep!
Fan me with thy downy pinion.

Balm of sorrow! cure of strife!
On a couch oblivious lying;
To live, without the care of life!
And die without the pain of dying!

TO LELIA.

From the rude summit of an Alpine height,
I view'd the bosom of the vale below,
Clad in its wintry robe of stainless white,
A virgin vest of deep and dazzling snow.
And o'er its surface shone moro's crimson rays,
Shedding soft rose-tints on its purity,
Like beauty's fair cheek blushing in man's gaze,
Seeming as lovely, that I thought on thee.
But when a wild-roe, bounding in its lightness,
Essay'd with silvery feet to traverse o'er
The smooth expanse, not deeming such calm brightness
Could e'er deceive,—yet sunk to rise no more—
A quench'd sigh chill'd my heart, for, Lelia! then
I turn'd from the false snow, and thought on thee again.

TO A WRETCHED FLUTE-PLAYER.

To Israel's king, when Jesse's son
Upon the harp did play,
With such a force he swept the strings,
He drove the fiend away.
Though some may doubt, I hold it true,
Who thy discordance hear:
For if the devil himself was nigh,
He'd run away for fear.

Women are like books; malice and envy will easily
lead you to a detection of their faults; but their beau-
ties good judgment only can discover, and good nature
relish.

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